

CHILD VICTIM OF THE BRIDGE DEATH LOOPS.

Little Girl Ground Under the Wheels at the Perilous Trolley Terminal Which the Journal Fought from Court to Court.



CARRYING THE LITTLE GIRL TO THE BRIDGE HOSPITAL

one of those awful horrors that startles and sickens a community and arouses such an outburst of public indignation that even officials and corporation directors tremble and hasten to comply with long-neglected demands for safety.

In the awful crowd and crush of the rush hours a policeman was caught and squeezed between a moving car and one of the bridge pillars. A driver was thrown from his wagon sent on to the roadway, and his back nearly broken. There have been runaways, innumerable and collisions in which the lighter vehicle always sustained the damages.

Women Trampled in the Rush.
Women have fainted in the terrific jam that occurs every night at the New York end of the bridge. They have been snatched from the tracks and on to the cars by friends. That arms and legs have not been crushed and lives ground out beneath the wheels before yesterday is a constant marvel to those who have watched the crowds from the platforms above or mixed with them in the struggle to cross the death loops in safety.

Night after night the scene is repeated. As a trolley car comes over the north roadway from Brooklyn half a hundred men

THE DANGER ALL LIES IN THE TROLLEY LOOPS.

THE LAW.

The Bridges . . . shall be a public highway for the purpose of rendering the travel between the cities of New York and Brooklyn certain and safe AT ALL TIMES.

From Section 1,878 of the Consolidation Act, now incorporated in the Greater New York Charter.

THE FACTS.

Four death loop tracks at the New York terminal, already stained with blood.

THE JOURNAL'S POSITION.

Let none misconstrue the Journal's fight as one against the occupancy of the Bridge itself by the trolley lines. Nothing is further from the truth. It is directed solely against the rapacious effort of the trolley companies to create a death trap at the New York approach to the structure in order to save an item of expense which is, to such wealthy corporations, a mere bagatelle.—From the Journal of November 20, 1897.

PRETTY POLLY CAUGHT A BURGLAR

Bowers Thought His Pal Was Calling Him When He Heard Its Voice.

GEORGE, COME HERE!

But the Bird's Master Was Also George, and Polly Helped Him Capture the Intruder.

"George! George! Come here!" said a voice in the darkness.
George Bowers, burglar, was startled. In the exercise of his profession he had broken through the kitchen window of a house in the western section of Trenton, N. J., and lit a match in search of the gas jet. He did not recognize the voice as that of his partner, whose station was at the front door, yet he thought it could be none other.
"Shut up, can't you?" he expostulated in a hoarse whisper, blowing out the match and groping toward the front hall.
"George! George! Come here!"
This time the sound seemed to come from overhead, and George Bowers imagined that his partner had gained the upper floor.
"Why didn't you bring a brass band along?" he muttered sarcastically as he felt his way to the banisters and cautiously ascended the stairs. He had climbed half way when there was a great flutter of wings and a scream quite close to his ear.
"George! George! Come here! Never say die! Hurry! Where are we at? Polly wants a cracker! Remember the Maine!"
This rapid series of ejaculations was followed by three bars of "The Banks of the

BAND OF CONSPIRATORS VOYAGED ON BRITANNIC.

Confession of Third Officer Kynaston Discloses Mail Robbery and Smuggling—Chief Officer Jago the Leader.



J. W. JAGO,
CHIEF OFFICER
ON THE BRITANNIC.

LEADER OF THE ALLEGED SMUGGLERS AND MAIL ROBBERS ON THE BRITANNIC.

A confession made by the third officer of the White Star liner, in whose possession coupons said to have been rifled from United States mail bags were found, shows a conspiracy of long standing to have existed on the steamship. Ringleader Jago is still at large.

CHIEF OF POLICE MURPHY, of Jersey City, has on his hands one of the biggest criminal cases that ever fell to the lot of a provincial police officer. He has it well in hand, but the United States Government will take it away from him to-day.

It has to do with a band of criminals which for many years has looted the mails to and from the United States, besides conducting smuggling operations on a vast scale in New York.

It is early yet to say how many local importers are or have been implicated, or who are members of the gang, though several under suspicion are also under lock and key, and the supposed chief is being hunted in this city, Hoboken, and Jersey City by United States Marshals.

The size and scope of these criminal operations have come through a verbal confession made to Chief Murphy, of Jersey City, by John Kynaston, third officer of the White Star liner Britannic, who was arrested last Friday afternoon at the Third National Bank in Jersey City, after offering for sale to Cashier Robert Ross twenty \$10 coupons on twenty \$1,000 4 per cent bonds, maturing in 1925.

The interest was due on August 1 and was payable on presentation at any bank. Kynaston could have got the money on the coupons without identification at the Sub-Treasury in this city.

He tells Chief Murphy he had been to see a woman friend in Jersey City, and on leaving her passed the Third National Bank, at Grove and Morgan streets. It occurred to him to step in there to get the coupons cashed. That act served to cause his arrest and to unearth the whole criminal conspiracy on board the Britannic.

Nervousness Betrayed the Man.
Ross noticed that Kynaston was very nervous. When he spoke of looking over a list of stolen bonds Kynaston ran out, and Ross followed him and caused his arrest. At Police Headquarters ball was fixed at \$2,300, examination being set for 8:30 a. m. to-day before Justice McCormick, of the First Criminal Court of Jersey City.

The news of the arrest was sent to the ship, which is lying at pier 45, foot of West Fourth street, having arrived from Liverpool last Thursday night. There was already plenty of excitement on board, for the customs officers stationed on the pier had seized the smuggled goods and for William Churchill, United States Commissioner John A. Shields issued warrants for Albert Muller, the trackman, who was hauling the smuggled goods, and for William Bernard, Thomas Tighe and Henry Galloway, assistant stewards of the ship. They were all taken to Ludlow Street Jail on Friday night. Ball was fixed for the assistant stewards at \$2,500, and for the trackman at \$500. They will be examined at 1:30 p. m. to-day by Commissioner Shields, in room 78, Post office building.

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These four men deny that they had any part in the smuggling, and would probably have been discharged to-day were it not for the fact of Kynaston's confession.

But the five arrests on board ship started another chief officer, J. W. Jago, who ranks second only to Captain Haddock, on the Britannic. Jago has been with the ship in a responsible place for many years. His home is in Fiskeard, Cheshire, England. He has been regarded as one of the brightest officers in the employ of the White Star Company.

The arrests on board seemed to interest him even more than the other officers. A little before 6 p. m. Friday he walked to First Officer Radish, told him he wished to go ashore for an hour and turned over command of the ship to him, Captain

Haddock being absent. From that moment to this Jago has not been seen.

The trackman and three stewards arrested said Jago had ordered them to load and take away the bags containing the smuggled goods. On learning this, Commissioner Shields immediately issued an order for his arrest.

Marshals Bengert and Churchill looked for him all Saturday night and all day yesterday. They had tips which took them to Hoboken and Jersey City, and, of course, they watched the ship, but no point watched did the missing chief officer appear.

Hopped to Trap Him Through a Woman.
A letter for Jago from a woman who signed herself Lucie Edie was intercepted by the Marshals. It asked Jago to meet her at the Christopher street station of the Ninth avenue "L" road at 8 o'clock. The officers stayed there till late, but the woman did not appear, so far as they knew. Of course Jago did not get the letter and did not keep the trap.

Later the officers learned that this woman lived at No. 321 Garden street, Hoboken. They went there, but the people in the house denied knowing the woman.

Then they got word that Jago had sailed for England on the Canadian early yesterday morning. They failed to get any verification of this at the Cunard office or pier. Jago might easily have slipped away.

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conspiracy on board the Britannic to rob and plunder wherever there was a chance. Of this conspiracy Chief Officer J. W. Jago was the brains and active head. All the men followed his directions and took their pro rata share of the profits, or, to be more precise, what he was pleased to give them. Not one of the members, save Jago, knew all of the other members.

The chief business, he said, was plundering the mails going and coming, and loading and disposing of smuggled goods in New York.

He declared that Jago was a very rich man, having a fine estate at Liscard, Cheshire, England, and it was understood that much of his property had come from his traffic conducted as an officer on the Britannic.

Kynaston said he had been strictly honest until this last trip, but that he had known about the conspiracy. He said Jago was a fine fellow, but he was not to be trusted. Whether they took out the line for the purpose of making him prominent in the conspiracy. Once the old friend was made acquainted with the traffic he promptly refused to have anything to do with it, and got himself transferred to another ship in order to keep his skirts clean.

At another time Kynaston said he had known Jago to submit to blackmail. Several men on board the ship who discovered how things were going went to Jago and demanded to be taken into the gang on pain of disclosing what they knew. Jago took them in and when it was managed, the profits—enough, at least, to keep them still.

Kynaston said Jago's method of robbing the mails was to get one of his tools in the mailroom of the ship, where the work might be done as a matter. Whether they took out the line for the purpose of making him prominent in the conspiracy. Once the old friend was made acquainted with the traffic he promptly refused to have anything to do with it, and got himself transferred to another ship in order to keep his skirts clean.

Kynaston Sees Several Visitors.
Kynaston's lawyer is Norman L. Rowe, of Jersey City. It is not believed he has told him the story he told to Chief of Police Murphy. Neither has Kynaston told so far as he knows to any other person. He is in an envelope in his pocket addressed to "Mrs. Kynaston."

The ship left the two visitors yesterday, neither of whom gave their names to Captain Kelly, of the Second Precinct of Jersey City, who was in charge of Police Headquarters yesterday in Chief Murphy's absence through a greater portion of the day. The man said he was an officer on a sister ship of the White Star Line.

The woman simply said she had known Kynaston in England, and called to see if he was the same man. She said she would talk with him about affairs on the Britannic or of the charges under which he was arrested. Kynaston's lawyer did not see him yesterday.

At Ludlow Street Jail yesterday the assistant stewards, Bengert, Tighe and Galloway, refused to be seen or to make any statement of their case. They have engaged no counsel yet, so far as is known. They refuse to talk to their keepers of the case except to say they will answer all the charges against them in court to-day. These men, according to the marshals who talked with them, are paid \$15 a month, which is not a great deal for men with families to live on. Their defense is that they were told by Jago to load the bundles of linen on a truck and obeyed him blindly, having no knowledge of the contents.

Since the retirement to the Kloblike of H. Matland Kersey, New York agent of the White Star line, the company has had no regular representative here, and the business is conducted as a simple branch of the Liverpool office. The local managers who talked with them, are paid \$15 a month, which is not a great deal for men with families to live on. Their defense is that they were told by Jago to load the bundles of linen on a truck and obeyed him blindly, having no knowledge of the contents.

Long Record of Crime on Shipboard.
Late Friday night, in the Chief's office, Kynaston made a long verbal statement, which he said he would elaborate later in the form of an affidavit.

He said there had been for the last seventeen or eighteen years an organized



"CLANG, CLANG, CLANG!"

"Stand back there! Wait a minute! Let them off first!"

Motormen with their gongs and policemen with strong lungs and outstretched arms were doing their best to keep the crowds off the four death loops at the New York end of the big bridge. It was 3 p. m., and the middle afternoon rush from this city to Coney Island and all the other cheap excursion benches across the river was at its height. As usual, the trolley cars lurched and halted and jerked, creaking around the loops, making half a dozen stops and the same number of spasmodic ten-foot spurts ahead before their final halt near the little police telephone box and the south roadway.

Michael Paulino and his wife and their twelve-year-old daughter, Jennie, were in the front line of the crowd that stood as close to the west rail of the south loop track as they dared. They had left their stuffy little rear apartment on the second floor of No. 91 Mulberry street to have an outing at Coney Island. Paulino is a barber and out of work, but 30 cents would cover the expenses for all three, and the afternoon's trip had been looked forward to for a week. Little Jennie was all excitement and pleasurable anticipation. The only drawback to her happiness was the absence of her twin brother, Raphael, but Jennie had almost forgotten him by the time she reached the big bridge.

Raphael was selling war extras somewhere down by the Battery, and as he is the only breadwinner of the family at present, of course he couldn't take the afternoon away from business.

Child Under the Wheels.
When Court street car No. 806 came creaking around the loop Paulino and his wife lost all fear for the warning gongs and the cautions of the policemen. Only one cry caught their attention:

"This car goes to Coney Island!"

They pushed and struggled and scrambled with the rest of the big crowd that surrounded the car that was still moving slowly. Paulino caught hold of one of the side bars just as the car came to one of its many stops. He turned to help his wife and little girl on and the car started again. Paulino clung to the side bar, and the forward wheel of the rear truck pinned

her. Jennie gave one piercing scream, and the motorman jerked his brake lever, bringing the car to a stop at once. The crowd fell back for an instant, and there lay the little girl, her face white as death, her eyes closed in unconsciousness, her right leg across the track between the two heavy iron wheels.

One Wheel Passed Over Her.
One wheel had passed over her, and the buttoned shoe and the black stocking were covered with blood.

Policeman John McConville, who had been only ten feet away, protecting the exit of those in the forward part of the car, and yet who was practically out of sight, so densely packed was the crowd, ran to the prostrate form. He picked up the little girl tenderly in his strong arms and carried her up the promenade to the Bridge emergency hospital, next to the north roadway.

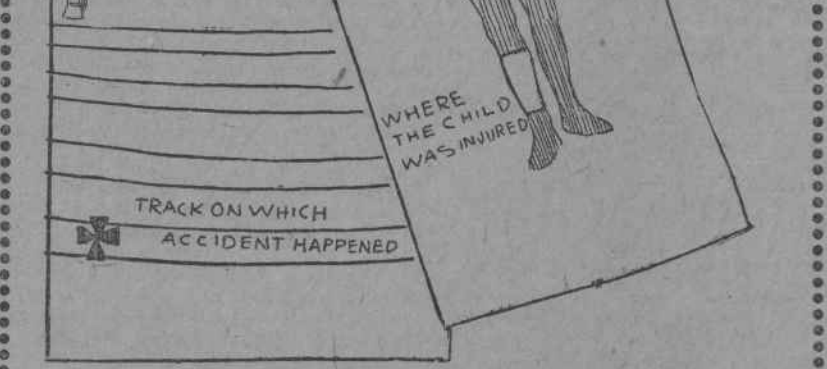
The father and mother followed, crying and wailing. Tiny drops of blood trickled down from the limp foot and ankle and left a trail on the asphalt walk. McConville made a significant sign to the motorman as he walked along with his burden, and Jeremiah Hurley, who wears the company's badge and their blue uniform, surrendered his platform to one of the trolley inspectors and stepped off to await his arrest.

In the little room called the emergency hospital Jennie Paulino was laid on a cot and McConville telephoned for an ambulance and a surgeon. Hudson Street Hospital's ambulance was out on a trip, but Governor's Hospital, to the hurry call, Driver Tom White lashed his big bay horse Gladstone through the streets, and brought Dr. Burgin, who found the little girl just opening her eyes and sobbing with pain. The leg had been crushed between the wheels and the calf, the bone was fractured and the flesh torn and mangled.

The little girl was taken to the hospital. She will be a cripple for life. Paulino and his wife went back to their stuffy room in the tenement to grieve and sob. When little Raphael came in with the pennies from his papers he joined his tears to theirs.

The motorman, Jeremiah Hurley, of No. 222 Palmetto street, and the conductor, Walter Harris, of No. 1458 Gates avenue, Brooklyn, were locked up in the Oak street police station, charged with assault. They were bailed out quickly.

Death Invited at the Loops.
This is not the first accident at the terminal, which should be "certified and safe at all times." There have been others and that there has not been a wholesale and bloody slaughter before now is not because the conditions did not invite it. Proving the efforts of a large force of policemen constantly on guard have averted a direful calamity so far—



How Jennie Paulino Was Hurt at the Death Loops.

The little girl was struggling to board a Coney Island car with her parents, when her foot slipped and she fell under the wheels. The child was dragged out, with a leg crushed and taken to a hospital. Hundreds of men, women and children were jammed in on the death loops, and only for the heroic work of a squad of police this would not have been the only accident of the day due to the death loops.

Open cars were not designed to accommodate more passengers than can crowd five on a seat. Watch the cars that carry Brooklyn people to their homes at the close of the day's work and you will see nearer one hundred than fifty passengers on each. The law in this State requires gates at railroad grade crossings, at every railroad station is a printed sign which reads:

Passengers must not cross the tracks.

New Yorkers are familiar with these signs on the elevated. There are similar cautions all along the four tracks of the Central Railroad between here and Buffalo. The State Railroad Commission, charged to guard the lives of railroad passengers as well as to regulate the other details of railroad operations, require all sorts of precautions and safeguards at track crossings. But in this imperial city at the terminal of the most travelled of bridge in the country are four open tracks close together and so much in use that the heavy wheels follow one another round the loops in almost an endless chain.

PURSUED SMITH FOR A \$5 FINE.

Twenty-one prisoners captured in a pool-room raid Saturday night, at No. 83 Eldridge street, were discharged by Magistrate Wentworth, in Essex Market Police Court, yesterday morning. Max Smith, the proprietor, was fined \$5.

The prisoners were allowed to pass outside the rail, one at a time, as each name was called. When the twenty-first man, and left the police looked for Smith. He, too, had gone, without paying his fine. Police Officer Hickey caught him about three blocks away from the court-house and brought him back. Smith then paid his fine and went home.